#### NEW BOOKS.

Greek Love Songs Done Into English. The latest addition to the "Lovers Library" series, published by John Lane, is a tiny volume entitled "Love Songs from the Greek," by Jane Minot Sedgwick. That a young lady should possess sufficient scholarship, and at the same time sufficient technical skill, to produce with a close approach to accuracy and to artistic excellence a metrical and rhymed translation of some of the masterpieces among Greek minor lyrics has ceased to be a surprising phenomenon. The scheme of feminine education has been profoundly changed during the sixty years that have elapsed since Elizabeth Barrett, with the help of private tutors, made herself thoroughly familiar with the Attic writers of tragedy and comedy and astonished the reviewers with a remarkable English version of the "Prometheus Bound" of Eschylus. Now that young women can secure in the English and American universities degrees or certificates of proficiency equivalent to degrees, and have repeatedly attained high honors in the classics at Oxford and sambridge and Harvard, there is no reson why they should not follow Mrs. Browning's example, provided, of course, they have a gift for verse-making, as well as a first-hand knowledge of Hellenic poetry. These qualifications Miss Sedgrick undoubtedly possesses. Her translations are graceful and pleasing in themselves, and they are permeated with the Greekspirit. This we can prove by a few excepts. We begin with the prelude, in which the author tells her readers that they must seek the originals of her songs. not in the choral odes of tragedy, but in the Anthol/gy:

gink not that in my pages ye shall read
if Priam and his foes,
If Niobé lamenting in her need
or wild Medéa's woes;

Or of sad Philomel so long of yore Changed to a nightingale:
Since they have all been written of before In many an earlier tale.

No. but the Graces, in a dance divine. And Eros, too, appears
With Bacchus, in this little book of mine: These ask you not for tears.

Of course, in the following lines, "A Kiss Within the Cup," the author had no thought of inviting comparison with Ben Jonson, vet it is evident that he and she had the same Greek model before them:

There is no gladness in the glass Unless thou pour for me; But taste it first before it pass, And I will drink with thee: For, if those lovely lips of thine Have breathed upon the brim, I swear that I will drain the wine, Although it reach the rim. Oh, who could bear to say thee nay.

When thou hast kissed the cup? Or who would turn the other way, When thou hast filled it up? Por, oh, the cup has kept the kiss And carries me a share, To show me all the wasted bliss

In the stanzas entitled "The Snare" we seem to get an echo of Herrick, who himself was nourished on the Anthology:

My love beneath a leafy tree Had spread the birdlime out, And many creatures of the air Came fluttering about. At last a blackbird snared itself As it was flying by. And, when she caught it by the wings, I heard its frightened cry.

And yet, O dearest God of Love, And sister Graces three! Ye know how gladly I would change This winged bird to be!
Ah, could I only now become
A blackbird or a thrush,
So I might whimper in her hands, And hear her bid me bush.

The Euphvista would have relished the extravagance of hyperbole in the lines called "The Lover to His Mistress":

The mose of June requires no dress To ornament her loveliness; So, lady, you no silken gown Do need, nor yet a jeweiled crown

The whiteness of no pearl endures A moment to be matched with yours And burnished gold cannot compare With tangled splendors of your hair.

oth sparkle with a ray divine; Yet, from your eyes that are more bright There flashes still a bluer light.

And, oh, the sweetness of your lips, That other kisses all eclipse! Your perfect grace that men adore The cestuses that Cypris wore. The last extract that we shall make from

this little book, which we would commend for extreme delicacy of treatment, as well as for neatness of workmanship, describes what seem to the Greeks the most pathetic thing in life, the death of a young unmarried woman. The verses bear the caption of "The Wayside Grave":

Where this white pillar standeth. Oh, stop, and turn aside! For here a girl is lying Who was to be a bride.

By her small grave in passing Pause only for a breath. And in your heart consider How envious is Death.

This monument of marble Tells of a maid who perished Before her marriage day

The same tall, flaring torches For burning at her bridal Lit up the funeral pyre-

And thou, O Hymenéus! Amid the joyous throng. Didst change the wedding chorus Into a mourning song.

A Countess, a Counterfelter and a Lord. A cold night for the opening of Josephine Zeman's story, "The Victim's Triumph" (G. W. Dillingham Company). The horses oough and shiver in the icy streets, and the purple cabmen beat their frigid hands. We ourselves need not mind the biting temperature, for we are speedily admitted into the steam-heated and sufficiently tropical interior of "one of the exclusive bachelor clubs on upper Fifth avenue." Three gentlemen in evening dress await us. The story says: "They had evidently spent the earlier part of the night at the uptown to the club to smoke, drink and

talk." We are not quite sure regarding the expression, "sojourned uptown to the club"; we presume it means that they went Lord Oliver Brighton of London, England," 45 years old, was a large, florid man. "His pet hobby was a supreme contempt for woman and the feminine sex in general, which contempt amounted almost e a mania." Bob Armstrong, "a retired banker and broker," was American. "He vas tall, well made, about 35 years of age and of distinguished appearance." "His face bore that look of quiet self-possession

and ease that characterizes the mental giant." "The remaining member of the tric was Chauncev Lamont, the son of a wealthy merchant and a typical gilded Just one week later Lord Oliver found himself "facing" the Countess Ravenna Ivanovitch at a party in "the palatial The beauty of the Pennybaker mansion. Countess is described in several pages. We must content ourselves with rehearsing briefly here that she was about 5 feet 6 lights are very heating. But let us return to

**PUBLICATIONS** 

PUBLICATIONS.

My Friend Prospero The Second Instalment of the Novel by

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Introduction Guns and Dogs Game Clubs, Parks, and Preserves

brown eyes, nose of the rare Roman type found in antique statues, lovely mouth. a pair of dimples that lent to her face a bewitching and evanescent charm, and a double row of pearly teeth. Our noble British misogynist fairly jumped when his eyes beheld her. The Baron Nicholas Ivanovitch, purporting to be her brother, an evil man and a counterfeiter, with a nose of the Greek type, performed the introduction. "Ravenna, dear," he said, "this is Lord Oliver Brighton of London, Engand. Lord Brighton, permit me to introduce you to my sister, Ravenna, Countess Ivanovitch." Lord Oliver bowed low. Countess," said he, "I am more than de-"The pleasure is lighted to meet you." mine, Lord Brighton," she answered, with

bewitching smile. Just then the gilded youth Chauncey espied his sweetheart, "Miss Beatrice Cameron, daughter of Gen. Cameron, man of national renown," who had acquired vast riches in the course of a strenuous military life. She "was one of those sweetfaced girls with large, soulful blue eyes." Chauncey led her away to a conservatory where "upon a divan in a secluded corner beneath the overhanging verdure of orchids and palms," he "fondly lifted the girl's face to his and pressed a kiss upon her lips." As they left the conservatory, shortly afterward, a clump of palms, directly in front of the divan on which they had been sitting, parted, and Nicholas Ivanovitch, the counterfeiter, stepped forth. "A cruel, sarcastic smile lurked about his thin lips." He brushed his coat, took a silver cigarette case from his pocket, lighted a cigarette, and soliloquized: "Love! Bah, what bosh! As if there was such a thing as love. Ha. ha, ha! What fools, with their billing and cooing! But, nevertheless, they are going to marry! Will they? No, by heaven, they shall not! Not while little Nicholas needs her money: for she has money, this mild-eyed, mushy little dove; I'll ruin this little game, no matter at what cost. She

must be mine." In this the utterly base nature of Nicholas stands plainly revealed. Suddenly he extinguished his cigarette and reëntered the clump of palms. Lord Oliver and the Countess appeared and sat down on the divan. They had been dancing. Lord Oliver's hands trembled. The Countess's "beautiful bosom rose and fell with tan-talizing buoyancy." They conversed. Said the Countess: "Oh, I am so glad to sit down, Lord Brighton. Aren't you?" Why, certainly, my dear Countess," returned Lord Oliver. "May I bring you some refreshment? You must be thirsty." "Thank you, I shall take a glass of lemon ice." "With pleasure, Countess," and he went and got it. "This is delicious after the exertions of the evening, and very re-freshing," she said. "So it is," he asserted, as her pink digits lifted the glass to her rosy lips." He continued: "May I inquire how you enjoyed the dancing?" Without hesitation she replied: "Very much, indeed, thank you. I am passionately ond of it, and could continue indefinitely But how about yourself?" "Don't ask me, Countess," returned Lord Oliver. "Permit me," he added, and began fanning her.
"Oh, thank you, Lord Brighton," she said. "You are exceedingly kind, and seem

to divine my every wish. These many

inches tall, decidedly patrician in appear- | the ballroom, or else our absence may cause

Nicholas Ivanovitch stepped forth again from the clump of palms.

When Bob Armstrong and Nicholas met, Bob turned pale as death." He went away alone to the smoking room and there took from his pocket a small photograph. "Can it be possible?" he asked himself as he studied the picture. "His height, the build, the bearing, all are the same, and vet it can't possibly be, for I saw him myself at Sing Sing, a convict under a life sentence. Nevertheless, I won't rest until I get at the bottom of this marvellous resemblance." And Bob Armstrong, the mental giant," became a detective from that hour.

Armstrong loved Miss Fanny Chase. Fanny was the only daughter of a millionaire horse owner and racing magnate. She was about 24 years of age, with a healthy, well-developed figure, a fine complexion, an attractive face and a big head full of hair." "Oh, Bob," said Fanny, as her lover was going away from the Pennybaker party, "as you go down ask the butler to have my auto-know-better at the door in about fifteen minutes, will you. please?" A great-hearted girl, Fanny as well as a girl with a felicitous habit of speech. She was a true friend to the Countess, and gave twenty-dollar tips to the Countess's maid. She could drink highballs, smoke, and swear when she was in a temper. "She is a noble girl," Armstrong declared, "with qualities that few

mortals possess. The excellent Countess and the evil Nicholas inhabited a magnificent apartment of twelve rooms in Central Park West. There is an intimate description of the Countess in her boudoir dressing to receive Lord Oliver. "The bed, the draperies, yea, even the walls of this luxurious little boudoir. seemed to exhale that fragrant perfume that renders the atmosphere about a beautiful woman so voluptuously intoxicating \* \* \* It is just 7 o'clock. At 9 o'clock Lord Brighton will call. The Countess is in her boudoir, in her maid's hands, dressing. She is about to face the most important moment in a woman's life-the moment upon which will depend the happiness or woe of her entire future. What will her answer be? What are her thoughts, her hopes, her

fears? She alone knows. "At the present moment the little boudoir presents a mere chaos, as does the boudoir of every beautiful woman when she is dressing. The curtains are tightly drawn, every globe in the chandelier sends forth a different colored light. The radiator permeates the boudoir with genial warmth. Upon the divan, the chairs and the bed rich gowns of silk and lace are spread in graceful profusion. A number of satin slippers of different hues, and apparently too small to fit any human foot, are lying about The dresser is crowded with the thousand and one requisites so indispensable to the woman of fashion. In the centre of the room, in an easy chair placed directly between two large French mirrors, reclines Ravenna in the deepest of deep negligé.

"May we describe it? Why not? Well! She is dressed in naught but a richly embroidered lace chemise, that seemingly mocks all efforts to cover her charms of breast and neck; her little feet are bare; her long blond hair is in the hands of her French maid, who is about to transform the silky strands into a charming coiffure. Countees Ivanovitch enjoys that ance, Junoesque in form, with wonderful unpleasant remarks." As they departed great pleasure of the true daughter of Eve

-namely, of being dressed. She had just stepped out of the bath, and, throwing on her Lazo-Camisa, has given herself up to the deft fingers of Louise. The Countess's beautifully moulded, dimpled arms are resting in her lap, where her fingers are absent-mindedly punching tiny holes in her covering with one of the hairpins she holds. Is there a woman who hasn't done likewise?"

At 9 o'clock she received Lord Oliver in the drawing room. As he entered she inquired: "How are you, Lord Brighton?" His declaration of love will be found on page 103. It runs: "Countess, let me confess to you that I love you dearly, madly, and that I respectfully crave the honor of your hand." To this she replied: "Why, Lord Brighton!" But her surprise was not genuine, and she married the noble mis-

he was "a polished rascal and an educated villain of the blackest kind." The Countess gave him his walking papers after Lord ful way in which he met that disaster: "He turned white with fury, and gave himself up to a rage that almost smothered him. like an enraged lion. He brought his fist down heavily on the table. He seized the draperies that covered the doors and tore them down, swept the bric-a-brac from the mantelpiece, and then he jumped upon the divan Ravenna had occupied and stamped upon it like a wild beast I still have a chance. There's that Cameron girl. She's got a lot of coin, and I believe that it wouldn't be hard to take her away from Chauncey Lamont. At any rate, I'll try. 'Twould never do for me to remain here, for she will marry Lord Brighton, and I-am fired!' Saying which he gave a hoarse, diabolical laugh and

body's tragical taking off, but we are glad that Nicholas swallowed poison. Lord Oliver believed that it was heavenly good same opinion. A story full of strong incident and conversation, as we have en deavored to show.

If Only It Had Been Gold. The story "Jason-Nova Scotia" (The

Bibelot Bros.) is by Mr. P. W. E. Hart, the author of "The Ludovic Zam Affair." We remember that affair. We remember that Ludovic, a New York tailor who had entered actively upon its vast purpose.

And he answered, in a tremulous voice: Very well indeed, thank you, Countess. ogynist in due time. It is said of Nicholas on page 113 that

Oliver's declaration. Here is the piti-He paced up and downlin the drawing room 'Oh, dainn the women; damn her!' he exclaimed. 'They are all alike. But wait.

It is not our habit to gloat over anyfortune for him to get the Countess, and t is possible that the reader will be of the

set out to reform society, built to that end a warship that was nearly as large as the Island of Madagascar. We were very curious to know how it would behave in sattle, or rather how society would behave in opposition to it, but Ludovic perished in another of his wonderful machines. and we believe that the great ship never The new story is different. It is founded upon a Nova Scotian legend, and has a historical and romantic flavor. It tella about that unfortunate Stuart, the Chevalier de St. George, and about the fat mariner, Capt. Glenbucket, who could imitate a brace band and did imitate it on all sorts of occasions, and about the French Acadiana

and the Micmac Indians, and the mighty

PUBLICATIONS.

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tides of the Bay of Fundy, and much else "Now," says he, on page 234, "by the It appears here that the Chevalier was in crown of Great Britain and Ireland, which Nova Scotia after gold. It will surprise so soon expect to wear, I must enforce no one to learn that he had his eye out for the royal prerogative somewhat premaladies also. We were afraid that he was turely. It is certainly within the bounds going to play havoc with the heart of Mary of kingly power to clear up misunderstand-Campbell, daughter of Major Campbell of ings among faithful subjects. Farquharthe garrison at Annapolis, but it seems, son, I made you a promise when we were after all, that the allegiance of this fair starting on our venturesome inland excursion. Hah! Your loyalty is better than and sprightly damsel to her lover, the your memory, or, mayhap, my character gallant young Lieut. Farquharson, never really wavered. Hear the Chevalier at the

Continued on Eighth Page.

PUBLICATIONS

Harper's Magazine for July is just out. Eight short stories. Science, language, literature, travel, adventure, discovery. Pictures in color by Edwin A. Abbey, R. A.

## HARPERS BOOK NEWS

Ethel, the second book by J. J. Bell, the author of "Wee Macgreegor," who awoke one morning to find all London talking about him, is duplicating the success of the first book. The critic for The Evening Sun writes of it: "It is a jolly good book about a very nice girl. There is only one other story with which this one could be compared—'The Dolly Dialogues.' We should rather know Ethel than the flirtations Dolly."

QUESTIONABLE SHAPES. Mr. Howells in his latest book traces in curious fashion the effect of supernatural experiences on his characters. Here is fiction of a very ghostly character. Yet these stories do not seem untrue, as ghost stories usually do. The truth is that these tales are told with such perfect art, such photographic reality, that the reader feels he is living with the characters through their queer adventures, and is part of the mystery, the awe, of the thing. The volume is exciting wide interest.

THE BLACK LION INN. The tales that Alfred Henry Lewis, of "Wolfville" fame, tells in The Black Lion Inn are thrilling stories of a life that is passing. A new order of things has come with the development of the West. Mr. Lewis-a direct successor of Bret Harte-paints in this book the full-blooded, vigorous men and women who made the West of yesterday a land of romance and adventure. THE LOVE OF MONSIEUR.

The secret of success in writing a romance is to keep the love interest sustained to the very end of the book-not to have the hero win the heroine too easily or too soon. Mr. George Gibbs has appreciated this in writing his new story, The Love of Monsieur. The dashing hero does not win the lady of his love until the very last page of the story-and then only after many obstacles (including the lady's own prejudice) have been overcome. There is not a dull page in the tale. It is pure romance -not an historical novel.

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER. After four months of uninterrupted success the demand for Lady Rose's Daughter is so great that single orders are still coming from booksellers for quantities larger than the entire first edition of the ordinary novel. It seems that absolutely every one either is reading or wants to read this extraordinary love story of a

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